

The cruel assault of Gods Fort.

By Edward the first, of England kyng,
A fort was made gods truth to sheld
In whole lyfe tyme/ by good rulyng,
Both friend and foe to it byd yelde.
But when for synne of hys owne flooke,
The Lord in wrath tooke him away:
Leaving the fort to his next flooke/
The enemies then sought out they pray.
Then blew by trumpets of Dapists souldiers
to call/ and wages gaue:
Come who so would/ was armed rounde,
None they refusde, but dyest them braue.
The field was pyght of Dapists part,
With cornd caps, tippetts, and gownes.
They ordnaunce lay redy in care,
To beat the fort of gods truth downe.
The generall Gardner/ braue and stouge
And Captaine Boner, marcht forth amain,
Bourne with standerd, cryed out,
Al arme/ al arme, our shauelinges traime.
The Auncient which that Bourne bare/
Were fierce wolues teeth, w blood besprent
Fire and fagot, whych did declare,
Their rauinous hartes to Christians ment.
Then doctour Martin, as clarke of army
With doctour Stoy, the master Gonner:
These two in office, were as trusty,
As Gardner, Bourne/ or byshop Bonner.
A cry was made, throughout the host:
With fire and hempe, all to destroy:
Wher euer they were, in al the cost,
That byd the Dopes power seke to noye.
The fort thus sieged on euery syde,
With crye so fierce, to kyll them all:
None for feare durst not abyde,
But from Gods fort to them byd fall.
Then might ye heare the Canons roze/
Which Bourne and Watson falsly shot:
Yelde, yelde these cryde, from heretickes loze
Or batter we shal/ both wall and foze.
No/ no (quoth they within the fort)
We yelde vs not Gods truth to stayne:
Though you destroy vs in this sort/
God shal our fort/ with force maintayne.
With that they all the fort withyn/
With sighes and sobes to God out cryde:
Thou Lord of hostes, way not our synne,
But abyde thy flooke so wo betyde.
For though with synne, we caude this day
That our good king shoudst thus take:
Yet Lord with bitternes of soule we pray,
Streight vs against this fyre lake.
This done they blowde a chereful blast,
Unto the souldiers in the fort:
Arme ye/ arme ye, in all the host,
Our enemies now to fort resort.
The Auncient which was spred on wall,
Had a white Lambe, with red spots thicke:
And in gold letters were these wordes all,
Why do ye sauls, against me kicke?
Forth came Rogers, Hooper & Sanders
Upon the walles the fort to leade:
We yelde not (sayd they) to such destroyers,
But fight we will vnto the ende.

To these Steuen Gardner, gaue onset,
And layde on lode, as wolfe on pray:
He tooke them prisoners, with his false net/
And sent them to the fire straightway.
Then Stoy the maister of the shot/
On Dapists rampire braue and proude:
For spilling blood he cared not,
Assault/ assault he cryde aloud.
These were no sooner of the wall/
But by leyt Rydley and Latimer:
To rescue Gods fort, so nere to fall.
And did with force, the foes encounter.
And bishop Cranmer/ though with gyle,
The enemies stole him from the fort:
Yet boldly fought with them a whyle,
And folowed his mates, in lyke sort.
Then doctour Weston, at these out shot,
The pellets of Rome, and them did imagine:
So that away they passed not,
But were destroyed with fire and flame.
But Bradford then on wall by leyt,
And Whilpot eke by hym did stand:
Cardmaker and Caplour also by crept,
And these by truth byd not they band.
Bishop Boner, on these laide hand,
And to Smithfield sent them in hast:
But to the death/ these did withstand,
And would not yelde to enemies blast.
Then blew the Dapists to assault,
And set a watch about the fort:
Of knyghtes and yemen to finde some fault/
To make them yelde after this sort.
And swozen men in euery cost,
They did compell to walche and spyre:
If any did trust their host/
They must present them for to dye.
The fort with enemies laid round about,
And al the captaynes so cruelly slayne:
The souldiours ther of with courage stout,
Kept yet the walles with might and maine.
Now scale the walles (quoth Boner then)
Behold the captaynes we haue slayne:
Ransacke the fort/ destroy all men/
Both women & childzen let none remaine.
Then scaling ladders were by rearde,
And John Auals on them with target:
His knees had crosses because he fearde,
The steps wold breake and hang him large
Up came Beard, by Wales his man/
Armed al round as dyonardes bse:
His head was close, with goodale can/
And in his hand a Tauerers cruse.
But they in fort/ did with them play/
And cast them bybes, which made the yelde,
They struing who shoud haue the pray,
Fought one with other in their owne field.
Yet battred was this fort full soze/
With beherment shot on Dapists part:
The walles they bet syl more and more/
But yet the fortmen would not start.
Then pushed the Dapists w their pikes,
The Hargabusses shot out amayne:
And byms the aye and many strikes/
Of them that did the fort sustayne.

The Holberts and the Bowmen eke,
Came preasing toward the fort with spede:
These were the rakehels that did seke,
To haue mens goodes playde Cains dede.
There might ye see the fort about.
Great streames of bloode & bodies slayne.
The handes of al the host throughout,
With blood of Dapists they did them staine.
In this assault the infants out cryde,
And eke their mothers as wydowes left,
To see they friends before them cryde/
And al their goodes from them bereft.
Though thus the fort, was almost gone,
By cruel assault of enemies holde:
Yet some within the fort alone,
To God did crye/ Lord keepe thy holde.
The God did send his flane death down
Into the Dapists host among:
Which slew the chiefe st in all the towne/
And greatest captaynes in the throng.
By thys great stroke of mightie Ioue,
The beherment force of Dapists fell:
And sent this fort (which is hys Loue)
A godly captaine to keepe it well.
Which when in fort he did appere/
And flag of truce spred in her hand:
A loud she cryed, scale now your pye/
And yelde to me right heyre of England:
Then scattered were the Dapists host/
Their flags of fire to ground did fall.
Their flaming brandes which oft they tost,
Were cleue out quentch at our Quenes call.
Crye was then made to God on hye/
Of al the souldiours in the fort:
Oh praise the Lorde for victoype,
In helping vs after this sort.
Now yelde (they cryed) our brethren here,
Which haue against Gods truth so stode:
Behold our Quene doth profer here,
To graunt ye peace to chaunge your moode.
Which if her clemencie you refuse/
And pleade not for your liues graunt:
The law of armes she must nedes ble/
On such as are to her repugnaunt.
Yelde, yelde therefore ye chiefe captaynes
Example geue to all your host:
Or els wyl God reunge with paines/
The blood of those whom ye haue rost.
And all ye Christians of this England/
Your trumpets sound to Gods hie praise,
On Gods head let a Bay garland/
For your triumphe of all these states.
Yeld now your liues after such sort,
As God may not this fort so plage.
Strength now your selues in this gods fort
That ye yelde no more to enemies rage.
So God wyl spare vs our Quene long,
So God wyl make our land encrease:
So God wyl bulde our fort so strong,
That no enemies dare to it please.

To this say al right Christen men,
God saue our Quene. Amen. Amen.
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